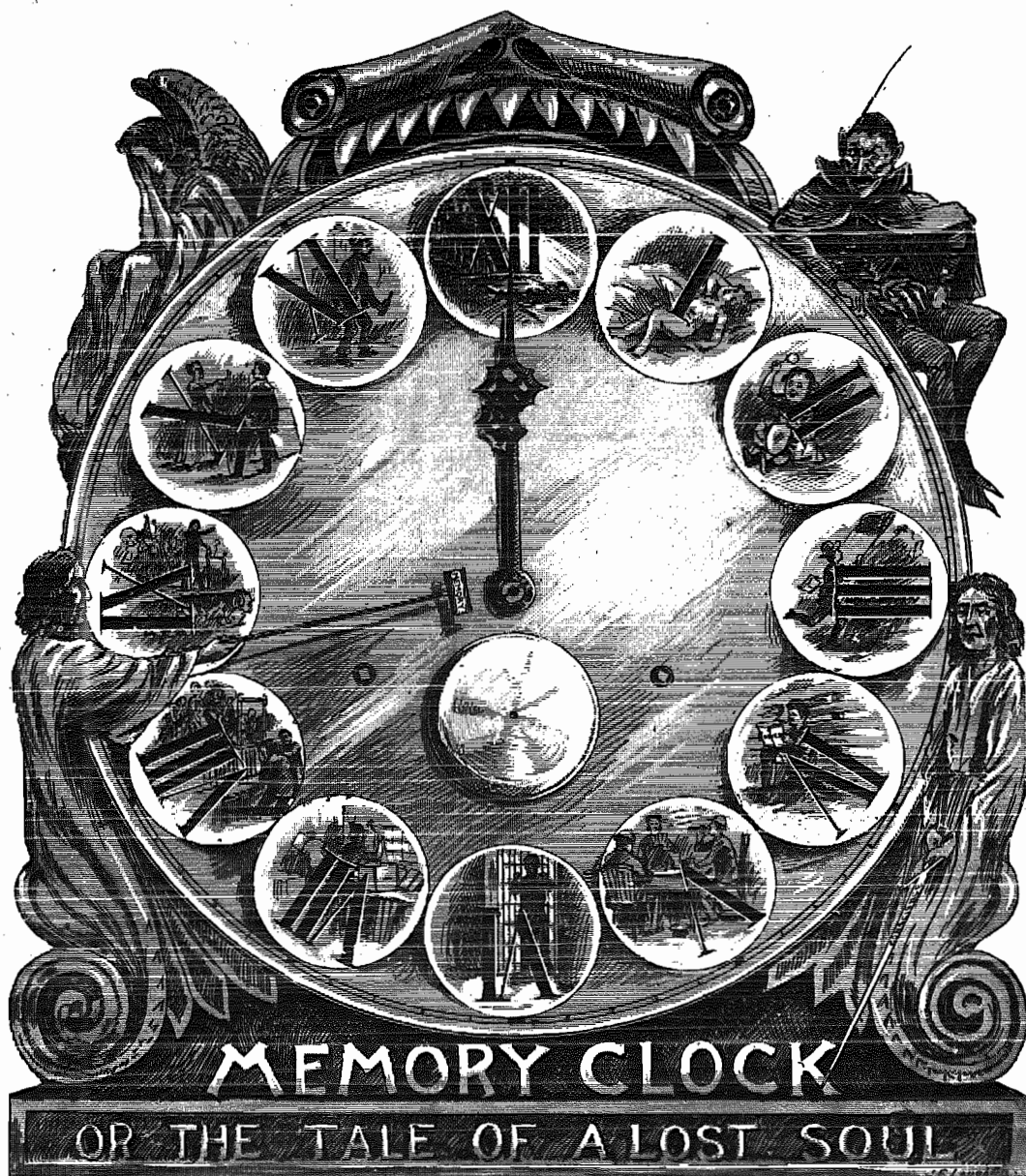


WAR & CRY

THE

 AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA, AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

Vol. IV. No. 11. [General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.] **SEPTEMBER 3, 1898.** [EVANGELINE BOOTH, Commissioner.] Price 5 Cents.
 Published at Territorial Headquarters, Toronto, Ontario.



THE CLOCK STRUCK TWELVE.

See article on page 3.



Thoughts
that
breathe

"Opportunity, sooner or later, comes to all who work as I wish."
—Lord Stanley.

"Time—'tis a bubble; 'tis a sigh; Be prepared, O man, to die."
—Francis Quarles.

"The drying of a single tear has more Of honest fame than shedding seas of gore."
—Byron.

"No wave on the ocean of time, When once it has floated past us, can be recalled."
—W. E. Gladstone.

"The truly generous is the truly wise; And he who loves not others, lives unblest."
—Horace.

"Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other."
—Benjamin Franklin.

"Be still prepared for death, and death or life Shall thereby be the sweeter."
—Shakespeare.

"Good actions give strength to ourselves, and inspire good actions in others."
—Samuel Smiles.

"Leave what you've done for what you Don't be 'consistent' but be simply true."
—O. W. Holmes.

"No idle space where I might lie And watch the sweating world go by, My part undone."
—C. McNamara.

"Death knocks with equal force at the towers of the rich, And the cabins of the poor. He 'levels all ranks.'"
—Horatius Flavius.

"Our doubts are traitors, and make us lose the good we oft might win By fearing to attempt."
—Shakespeare.

"The only failure a man ought to fear is failure in doing to the purpose he sees to be the best."
—George Eliot.

"The time of life is short; to spend that shortness basely were too long."
—Shakespeare.

"If you would have peace of mind And joy complete, Just do your duty, and you'll find That life is sweet."
—M. H. Peters.

The Trail of the Serpent.

Twice as much money was spent in 1897 for liquor as was necessary to feed the entire population of the British Isles.

It would have taken every farthing used in paying the rents of all the houses and farms in Great Britain to buy the drink bill of the nation for the year.

In 1897 the amount spent in liquor in Great Britain was ten times more than all the contribution churches, chapels and religious and Philanthropic institutions combined.

According to Dr. Haigraives, of Philadelphia, there were registered during the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1893, 1,368 distilleries as operating in the U. S. A. The drink bill for the United States for the same year is estimated by him to be \$1,400,000,000.

GREAT BRITAIN'S DRINK BILL.—Mr. Dawson Burns, in his annual letter to the "Times," estimates the national drink bill for 1897 at £12,250,000, an increase of nearly three millions and a third compared with 1895. The average expenditure per head of the population, man, woman and child, was £2 16s. 5d. The trade has a turnover equal to a fifth of the National Debt, or half as much again as the Chancellor of the Exchequer's revenue. It is nearly twice the amount for bread, or equal to all the rents of all the houses and farms in the United Kingdom.

HELPS FOR J. S. WORKERS.

David and Goliath.

I Samuel xvii. 32-54.

Introduction.

WE have a most interesting story to consider to-day. Before we read let me say, The Philistines and Israelites were in battle array, army against army. Each army was on a large mountain—a valley was between them. Goliath of Gath, a giant, 6 feet 9 inches in height, had come out of the camp of the Philistines and challenged the Army of Israel to bring out a man who would meet him in battle, stating that if Goliath conquered the Israelites must become the servants of the Philistines, and vice versa if the representative of Israel won. This he repeated forty days.

David was feeding sheep when Jesse, his father, came and sent him with provisions for his three elder brothers, who were soldiers fighting against the Philistines. While in camp David heard the soldiers anxiously talking about the grave position they were in, and of the riches King Saul would bestow upon the individual who could slay Goliath, and thus deliver Israel. Goliath again appears, repeating his challenge in the sight and hearing of David, whose very soul was stirred within him, and who intimated to the soldiers around him that he could settle the giant, if allowed the opportunity. This news was speedily carried to the king, who immediately sent for David, who now stands before Saul. Now read verse 32.

"Let no Man's Heart fail."

A courageous, brave, daring declaration,

OUR THRESHING FLOOR.

The Angel said:

"All places are to thee this threshing floor;
Vainly before thee stands its open door.

Here shalt thou dwell, nor even mayst thou quail;
Here stand, and swing the never-resting flail.

Here out of empty chaff thresh thou full grain
To wave triumphant under sun and rain.

Nay, out of sands of waiting sea thou beat
With tireless stroke, Hope's golden-tossing wheat.

Thresh thou humiliation's bitter seed
To conquering grace sufficient for thy need;

we're seasoned with self-confidence and faith in God. These are good qualities when turned into the right channel. Cultivate them.

Verse 33—"Thou Art Not Able."

David's appearance was much against him in Saul's eyes when compared with Goliath.

Moral.—The seemingly most unlikely is often of highest use and value. Lesson.—Never say you can't because you don't appear likely to do a thing.

Verse 35—"Slew a Lion and a Bear."

Describe difference between David's appearance and his true credentials. The former had broken in on Saul's mind, amounting almost to disdain; the latter ensured Saul's confidence in David's ability. He had conquered in both previous conquests. Some boys (or girls) are making for themselves a similar reputation—they overcome everything they are called upon to combat, education, bad manners, disobedient spirits, etc. Do you?

Verse 37—"The Lord Hath Delivered Me."

David's confidence, though great in himself, was greater still in his God. 'Twas God really who gave him the victory. This David acknowledged. Many fail because they trust themselves alone in their efforts:

- (a) To get saved;
- (b) To live good lives;
- (c) To master their tempers;
- (d) To overcome temptation.

David's godly, victorious record had so completely captivated Saul that at a stroke he dares venture his kingly position and Israelish interests entirely in the hands of David. What a promotion

for David! What a task! What an honor! What an interesting spectacle! All eyes were now turned to David. Men of sterling greatness have generally been called upon in times of great need. Moses, to deliver Israel from Egypt; Joseph and Daniel, to interpret dreams; the General, to befriend, bless and save the lost and fallen. Apply—Are you going to be a man (or woman) of sterling greatness?

Verse 38—"Cannot go with These."

David was useless with Saul's armor and weapons—did not fit him, had not proved them. He was accustomed to a shepherd's staff, scrip and sling. These were of more use to him than even the king's accoutrements. These he used. Children should not imitate the personal manner and actions of others. If you have been doing so cease. Be yourselves. Lesson.—A little that is your own is of more real value to you than much of that which really belongs to others.

Verse 45—"I Come to Thee in the Name of the Lord."

The giant had made a great swaggering, disdainful, defiant boast. This, too, in the strength of his own ability. David claimed, and possessed God's strength and power, and in calm confidence announced to Goliath what would happen. He won—i.e., because the battle was the Lord's. It is better to trust in God than to put confidence in man. He meant business, and went for it, in the name of God, for all he was worth. Some boys and girls are very fast to do wrong, but when it comes to being or doing good are very slow. Apply.—The King's business requires haste.

Verse 48—"Took Thence a Stone."

What an insignificant weapon of war—



Idleness is the devil's waiting-room.

One of the fruits of deceiving others is self-deception.

Prejudice makes men blind, and blind men unreasonable.

Loving deeds are the best seeds; they bear in all soils.

Charity tells a man his faults, jealousy repeats them to others.

A seared conscience is too great a price to pay even for peace.

Charity covers a multitude of sins, hypocrisy white-washes them.

The prayer, "forgive us our debts," has no reference to the collection.

Failures to the courageous are not humiliations, but spurs to fresh actions.

Failures have as often made men successful, as successes have been the means of men to fail finally.

"The vain man is desirous that people shall think well of him; the conceited man is convinced that they do."

UNEQUALLY YOKED.

I.—BEFORE.

MY heart aches when I think of the women who began the work of reformation with hope, and laid it down with despair at the end of a life that made them "turn weary arms to death" with a sigh of welcome. On the table before me stands the portrait of one such woman. When she was a merry-hearted girl, well in love with a handsome, brilliant young fellow, whose only failure was a fondness for liquor. He loved her deeply—better than anything else in the world, except drink. Nevertheless, he promised to overcome even this passion for her sake. In vain did her family plead and protest. He told her to wait. "Harry cannot keep straight without someone to help him. I must marry him now. He needs me."

II.—AFTER.

TWO years after her marriage she died of a broken heart, whispering at the last to a dear friend that she "was not sorry to go, but would be thankful life was over if she were only sure her year-old baby would not be left to Harry's care."

Yet he was, in most respects, tender and considerate. The only trouble was that his devotion to her remained at the point at which it stood when he became her husband. The habit of intemperance grew. Suppose that, added to this great fault, the woman still more vicious. Had this been a coarse, brutal nature, would not the idea of reformation have been still more hopeless?

"BE YE NOT UNEQUALLY YOKED TOGETHER WITH UNBELIEVERS."—II Cor. vi. 14.

A CHILD'S CRY.

"A few who go up in balloons say that as they rise above the tree tops and the high mountains, and climb away there where the thunder strikes like like lambs in a blue pasture, the sounds of earth die away one after the other, the hoarse call of men, the lowing of cattle, the clang of the church bells, the shriek of the mill whistle, the roar of trains, the dull bass of the great cities' mingled noises, and last, though not least, the high treble of children's voices. The child's cry the last call on earth to reach their ears. The child's voice reaches highest in the heavens."

I believe that God hears that call above all others, and that He pities little children, and gives their wants His first thought, and their cry His first care. For He says, as Himself, 'He shall feed His flock like a shepherd. He shall gather the lambs with His arms, and carry them in His bosom.'—DeW. T.

LUCK AND LABOR.

Luck whines.

Labor whistles.

Luck relies on chance.

Labor on character.

Luck slips downward.

Labor strides upward and aspires to independence.

Luck is ever waiting for something to turn up.

Labor, with keen eye and strong will, always turns up something.

Luck lies in bed and wishes the post-man would bring him news of a legacy.

Labor turns out at six, and with bayonet or ringing hammer lays the foundation of a competence.

—Smiles.—

[illegible]

time I should look for some better means of support. I could continue as a soldier, of course, and so help still in the work. I resigned, obtained a paying position, and became a soldier. My wife was against it all, but I insisted, and finally persuaded her. Poor soul; I had made her life a hell, but she will have heaven afterwards."

TEN OUTLOOK.

**WHEREFORE LET HIM THAT STANDETH TAKE HEED
LEST HE FALL."**

"After a month I slacked in my attention at the meetings. Once a week was enough. A man must look after his health and not overwork himself. The meetings become tiresome to me. On a certain hot day I was persuaded to take a drink of beer while at dinner with other workmen. For only a moment I hesitated. After all, what harm could there be in it? I took it. You know what followed. Drunk as I was, I began to feel. The first glass seemed to let loose a fiend that had been hiding somewhere in my constitution, and a burning heat was the result. In two weeks I had become a drunkard again. Fallen from the height of a soul-winner to the depth of a drunkard, and the laughing stock of my friends and the Salvation I had preached to others. So I had to leave the ranks, although it seemed a great humiliation to me at the time. Quarrels and want entered into our once happy home. So it went from bad to worse for two years."

ELEVEN OUTLOOK.

**RETURN YE BACKSLIDEN
CHILDREN, AND I WILL
HEAL YOUR BACKSLIDINGS."**

"I had three children whom I loved, although I had been a poor father to them. For their sakes, I often resolved to get saved, and to get them saved too. I was humiliated. So I went from bad to worse. I lost my situation and had to become a common day laborer, with hardly enough wages to support a family, and yet much of it I spent in drink. My wife kept praying, although growing thin and pinched, and not having sufficient to serve him to any meeting. Then sickness entered our home; diphtheria laid two children low. I had no money left to buy the medicine, and the thought came. One died. My wife said it was God calling me to repentance, but I laughed cruelly, and went to get the medicine for the other. The druggist refused to give me credit. I had lost my reputation. I hunted from house to house, being refused everywhere. Then I thought I must get money for drink, until at last some old friend, out of pity for the child, gave me the money. I promised God there, if the child grew better, I would serve him. He restored the child, but I went on procrastinating until the decline became too steep for return."

TWELVE OUTLOOK.

**HE THAT IS FILTHY LET HIM
BE FILTHY STILL."**

"How could it all happen—how could I be so blind? I had earned a few dollars, which I promised to bring home to my wife, and to get her saved. I could not withstand the promptings of the cursed appetite. I went in. Some old chums greeted me boisterously, and I had a good time. I was drinking and sung some snatches of an Army chorus, when someone reproached me, telling me to consider at any rate what I had been."

"It is none of your business if I go straight to hell from this bar, I hotly replied. In my drunken state I bought a tin of the 'Red Hot' brand of snuff, and there was a shout—'something off'—me a stinging blow—and all was dark."

"Next I remember staring with horror upon this light. I could not find from it. The hands would move slowly, the hours were called out like a mockery, and my whole life moved past me in a moment. I was crying."

"Then a lurid light flared up—a pair of immense jaws opened, spitting forth choking flames, and, with a searing yell, a monstrous imp lunged me into the mouth of hell."

"Some terrible fiery thirst is burning within my shadow, crying for drink, and yet I have no drink. I could not take material drink. Oh, what tortures! What a fool I have been, selling my birthright and losing my soul."



New Maternity Hospital in St. John, N.B.

The fact that there is no Maternity City Hospital in St. John, N.B., has been a difficult matter for years to provide for poor unfortunate girls who come to us in their sorrow and disgrace. Some time ago this difficulty was overcome by a committee by permitting a limited number of mothers to have medical care in the Rescue Home, but, as the Home embraces a variety of departments, namely: Children's Shelter, Casuals and religious causes of many classes, it has been deemed expedient—no, further, absolutely necessary—to erect the more successful furtherance of the work, and to better grapple with the needs of the many who appeal to us in that city, to have a separate building for maternity wing. The Field Commissioner, therefore, has consented to the renting and furnishing of a new building for this purpose.

We have secured a suitable house in close proximity to the present Rescue Home at a reasonable rent, and Adjutant Langtry has consented to be in hand for the opening, which will take place in a few weeks. Captain Sharp, under Adjutant Jost's direct supervision, is the architect of the new building. We think there should be rallying of the Army exponents and friends in New Brunswick, and a strong pressure brought to bear upon the Government with respect to Governmental recognition.

Already physicians and others are manifesting profound interest, and a leading barrister has promised to facilitate any legal proceedings for us. We think there should be rallying of the Army exponents and friends in New Brunswick, and a strong pressure brought to bear upon the Government with respect to Governmental recognition. The Premier, Hon. Mr. Cameron, received me very kindly while in the east, and promised a fair consideration of the merits of our work for financial subsidy when its appeal is presented to the Legislative Committee. We are appealing in the near future for a grant and, as this new hospital is unique in the province, we consider we have a good case to make. Let our eastern friends take note and give us their continued support, sympathy, interest and prayers that the good hand of the Lord may be upon the Legislature.

New Building for Midnight Meetings in St. John, N.B.

Following up our first interesting midnight meeting in a spirit of true aggression, Adjutant Jost has secured a room at the corner of Richmond and Yonge streets for the purpose of intervals meetings for the dwellers of Sheffield street.

The exclamation of a poor girl with disheveled hair, and a pale face, and flaunting men, who leaned carelessly against the corner of a street intersecting Sheffield street, some time ago, and she was crying, "Oh, I would give to give up her life of shame, should check the rising criticism upon the lips of those who complain, 'You are not a good girl, are you?' 'Oh,' she sneered, as she drew a whiff of curling smoke and twirled her cigarette between her fingers, 'It's too late now, I'm too old to be saved, but it's no good talking now. When my baby was born none cared—let it die. Then I DID NOT CARE—But it's no good talking now.' And she tossed her head and laughed, as only those can laugh who have suffered to its dregs the bitter cup of blighted hope, and the agony of being in the wrong, and turned from the darkness of disappointment to drown all thought in another bowl of stonk drink."

But our officers are going on "talking" and visiting, and some have already turned aside from their in-livvy lives.

Brigadier Pugmire has kindly offered, as he has opportunity, to personally lead meetings at Sheffield street from time to time.

tion, of the interest of the friends all most everywhere manifested in the project.

Halifax, the Garrison City.

Ensign Beckett, too, has a similar work in Halifax to St. John Home. The way is not open there yet for a separate hospital, but who knows what future days may bring. After that wonderful meeting in Albemarle street and the respectful hearing given, and attention paid, to believe many poor girls will come from the district also to our haven of refuge. We are to have regular meetings as soon as it can be arranged.

From Our Island of the Sea.

Ensign Tovell writes in good spirits. He says: "I have been very busy since you left, but am hoping I shall soon be able to send you in a good list of old and new friends. There have been quite a few in of sea-sons here. I believe the people are really interested."

The West.

Adjutant Langtry writes from Spokane of victory in the West. She tells of ten girls being in the Home, and of the wonderful power of God as evidenced in the answer to her prayers by the remarkable transformation in some of the girls.

Adjutant Walton expressed for future victories though at present the fight is difficult.

Ottawa.

Adjutant McDonald has gotten well hold of the work in Ottawa. Capt. Hall has farewell. Comes to the Children's Home, Toronto.

Centralelets.

Brigadier and Mrs. Gaskin did the morning and afternoon meetings at Lisgar street on Sunday last, and had a splendid time. Things are looking very nicely in this part of the field.

Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Hargrave spent the week-end at Barrie, and had a very satisfactory time. Here we have one of the nicest buildings in the Dominion, and, from appearances, things are going to move in the right direction.

Two Officers' Councils have been held in Toronto, conducted by the Brigadier and staff, at which nearly all the officers of the Northern Section were present, and part of the Northern. Everybody was in good spirits, and doubtless ever this is printed, many of the resolutions and proposals have been carried out, and the Harvest Festival Target smashed to smithereens.

A huge open-air demonstration, at which all the officers present assembled, was held at the corner of Richmond and Yonge streets. The inside meeting in the Jubilee was splendid, and characterized by a spirit of freedom and happiness right through. All the city corps were present. Several officers had a turn, including the famous Capt. Brant, who can always be depended upon to create a "good feeling." Brigadier and Mrs. Gaskin launched out, and when the Brigadier had reached the point in his remarks that caused his coat to become a burden, and necessitated its removal, everybody saw he meant business. Mrs. Hargrave sang the hymn "O God, be true to the prayer-meeting, in which three souls came out for salvation, two of whom were volunteers."

The Brigadier and Staff-Captain were at Yorkville on Thursday night, and were delighted with the number of soldiers who turned up for the open-air meeting, and the number of people who turned in for the indoor meeting. A good time, and everybody cheered up and blessed.

Ensign Jones and wife have gone to Bowmanville. Their first meeting resulted in two souls being saved.

Ensign and Mrs. Fox are at St. Catharines, and write us in a very cheerful strain. Mrs. Fox and the baby have been very sick, but are now improving.

Ensign and Mrs. Savage have had both the children down with whooping cough, and the baby is in hospital. They are now at Fenelon Falls.

Capt. and Mrs. Williams hold the fort at Newmarket. Capt. Howcroft has gone to Parry Sound.

Cadets: Howcroft, Hunkinson and Craig have been appointed to Parry Sound, Chelmsford and Catharines respectively as lieutenants.

Capt. Dodge, of the Toronto Lifeguard, has gone to the Ambitious City (Chicago), where he is the Shelter there, while Ensign Collier has been transferred East.

Several promising candidates have recently sent in application for the work, but we want more.

There are rumors of a Hallclough Wedding at Lisgar street in the near future. Who are the interested parties? Then there are whisperings of still another at the same place a little later on. Big times expected.

Watch this column for all the interesting events of the Central.

ROB ROY.

THE TERRITORIAL SECRETARY IN THE EAST.

Transformation Scenes—Marvellous Outpourings, Winding up Tour with Fifty-eight for Pardon and Parity.

After a few days at the Provincial Office, I joined the Territorial Secretary again at Windsor. Here we had a remarkable time. The old gas house, prefaced by a wonderful open-air meeting. We had a splendid string of soldiers in line of march, and on the way to the barracks the T.S. and P.O. were met by a crowd of soldiers, who were very much surprised by a few stout soldiers.

The place was nicely filled, and the Brigadier picked in with all his might, God helping him, to the close of the meeting we had a little soldiers' meeting. Both the T.S. and P.O. had a word with regard to the future. The next day found us on our way to Halifax, where our first engagement was at Yarmouth. Although it was wet, yet we had a splendid crowd. We were met by a large number of soldiers, and a large number of soldiers, who were very much surprised by a few stout soldiers.

The next day's programme was a full one. In the morning, inspection of books and in the afternoon an Officers' Council, attended by the field and social officers of the city. We believe this meeting was a great help to the officers. At night in No. 1 Barracks we had a half-night of prayer, largely attended. God came down in marvellous power, and, before the close, we saw:

Twelve Men and Women Kneeling

In contrition at the Throne of Grace. Hallclough!

On Sunday the T.S. inspected the Shelter and Rescue Home, and I think, was pleased with both. At night we were at Halifax II, assisted by the D. and the T.S. and P.O. The T.S. was a large crowd, and the meeting was lovely for freedom and power. God bless the brave warriors of No. 11.

Sunday was spent at a hotel. We had a good day. In the afternoon the T.S. dedicated to God and the Army Adj. McGillivray's little son. After a hard day's fighting, we were very much surprised by a few stout soldiers.

Truro—Although we had not a tremendous crowd in the evening, we had a lovely evening. We were glad to notice some new faces, or, at least, old faces returned. God bless them. One or two were especially delighted. We saw: Some young men in the days of yore.

The winding-up of the tour took place at New Brunswick. Tuesday night a large public meeting, which was nicely attended. On Wednesday we had a pretty programme. In the morning inspection of the T.S. and P.O. Officers' Council, which was a lovely service. The officers got refreshed, helped and blessed. We wound up the campaign with a prayer, and a lovely evening. God, the Holy Ghost, helped the T.S. He spoke as the Spirit gave him utterance, and thundered the truth of God was proclaimed. We saw: Some young men in the days of yore.

The Territorial Secretary's large attendance was a mighty through the province, and has done a great deal of good. Come again, Brigadier, we will be glad to see you.

We parted company at Glasgow, the T.S. going to Newfoundland, where further victories await him, and the P.O. to Provincial Headquarters.

Yours in the Blood-and-Fire, J. S. MCGILLIVRAY, Provincial Officer.

Echoes on Tour



OMING to the East has been a blessing to me. The first portion of my Eastern tour is over. A single hitch, not a break-down has occurred—scarcely a delay.

E. R. G.

and Major Collier are kindly reporting the meetings, which God has richly crowned with blessings and has given us 58 seekers for Christ at Hla dear day. Only a few "echoes" or incidents remain for me to record. These will be necessary be brief.

Though strawberries for tea have lasted all the way from Toronto to New Glasgow, where I think I saw the most beautiful of all, no grass was grown under our feet. In the 19 days 132 miles have been travelled; 30 inlands and 21 open-air meetings; and 3 Officers' Councils have been held; 10 Salvation Army buildings and 24 sets of corps and other booths composed of from 12 to 1200s per set, have been carefully inspected.

Brigadier Pugmire, though considerably improved in health the last two weeks, is still suffering much through an over-taxed nervous system, and at his Commissioning request, is reluctantly going on a few weeks' well-earned rest. He has been the object of kindly consideration to the C.S. God bless him.

Major Collier thrives on hard work, which he tackles with more vim than power. He is full of life. But for the willing assistance of his wife, and that of the worthy P.O., the T.S. might have had to deliver more frequently and deeply into the early morning hours in order to keep the time.

No! The T.S. did not feed the fishes going over the Bay of Fundy this time. He is not quite so generously disposed to them as he used to be.

"A little child shall lead them!" It was so at Fredericton. The little boy, broke down, and sobbing as he went, fell at the mercy seat to beg for the pardon of the sins. The sight of him kneeling and the sound of his sobs, together with the influence of believing prayer and loving exhortation, was the blessing of God, too much for the father, who quickly knelt by the side of his son. The mother, who had been upon the mother, who speedily stole to the other side of the dear little head. The mother's decision to leave it out was soon shattered, and she followed suit. The other sister had got saved in the afternoon, and she felt like joining them. Thus the household that five of one family all stood in a row to ring the Doxology in gratitude to God for saving their souls. I could do no other than praise God for it.

"It was in the open air that my heart got pierced," exclaimed one of the converts at Fredericton, when giving his testimony. "Thank God for the privilege of preaching the Cross in the open air. Do you use it?"

Brother Bowie files rather a strange-looking dilapidated badge as Sergeant-Major of the Digby corps of the Salvation Army and is policeman of the village. He testified that the same God who had blessed him to shine in the discharge of those duties relating to former post, has never yet faded him in his new performance as the latter. He has never been ill in his history as policeman. God keep him always.

St. John, N.B., Rescue Home is the essence of cleanliness and good order. Halifax is a close associate in those respects. Adjutant Jot and Ensign Blackie and the matrons in charge.

Oh! how God blessed us in those Officers' Councils—especially at St. John and New Glasgow. We sang, we prayed, wept and rejoiced together. The machinery will run all the better for this. There are some "kind hearts" down East" who still delight to do anything and everything in their power to make transient Army Officers comfortable and at home at home. There are the Canvases, at Fredericton, the inhabitants of the "White House," St. John; the Princess, of St. John; and the Curvants, at Digby; the German and Dickens, at Digby; the Ger-

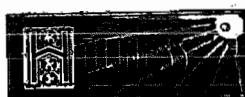
mana, at Yarmouth; the McKays, at Annapolis, Royal, and what shall I say of the dear comrades officers at other places visited? God bless them all, whose kindness cannot be excelled. Ensign Miller, of the Halifax Shelter, has done two good things: The front of the building is newly and neatly painted, and (2) he has succeeded in getting the inmates exempt from taxes. A cheer for him, and success to his efforts in pulling down the ropes to make work. More than that, he is going to the rescue.

"Auntie," of New Glasgow, declares she has a distinct call from God to get the barracks clean. She does it finely too. She blessed my soul when she announced how she got the victory over the devil, and how she delighted to do the meanest thing for Jesus. I couldn't help praying that the dear Lord would speak to a few others in the same way as he has to Auntie.

The East is going forward, and I believe you may expect to see it take a few more leaps and bounds in the same direction. J. E. M.

Order More.

ST. CATHARINES.—Ensign Savage stationed last week. Ensign Fox has taken charge. The Ensign is a huster in the War Cry. He has been taken. Fire a volley. "Hallelujah!" Not a Cry left around the place, and a profit of 61 cents. That makes the Pub. in M. Am. Good meetings all day. Saturday night a rouser. Sunday afternoon a happy time. Soldiers getting worked up.—J. B. Beall, S.-M.



"MOVE ON."

By MAJOR GRAHAM.

"BUT UNTO YOU THAT FEAR MY NAME SHALL THE SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS ARISE WITH HEALING IN HIS WINGS, AND YE SHALL GO FORTH AND GROW UP AS CALVES OF THE STALL."—Malachi iv. 2.

HERE'S a people, a condition, a promise, and a consequence. "Unto you that fear My name, and are they? Why the people who are saved and serving God. Now, be careful to note this fact, as it is the pivot on which our argument turns. The people addressed are evidently God's children already, and the blessing promised is subsequent to them becoming God's children. These people "feared the Lord." A son honor his father, and a servant his master. If then, I be a Father, where is mine honor? I be a Master where is my fear. "Then they that feared the Lord spoke often one to another and the Lord harkened," etc., and a book

of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon His name."

Therefore unto these people already within the fold of God, a richer and more colorful life of grace would be given. "The Sun of Righteousness shall arise with healing in His wings."

Why Healing?

Evidently because there was the necessity for it. The wounds already made by transgression were not thoroughly healed. The disease of sin might still be working insidiously in the form of pride, self-will, jealousy, envy, or in some such way, and to wipe the two words of grace it is necessary to look to Him "who forgiveth all mine iniquities, who healeth all my diseases." Or, in other words, to expose our inmost being to the direct rays of the Sun of Righteousness, then healing will follow. Doctors heal with the cure of power in our natural sun, and when the patient is well enough they urge them out into the sun's stronger influence. In the light of the light and heat of the sun, and even in these hot climates where the "bush house" is much in use the sun's influence is not shut out, but only modified. To shut out the sun would mean certain death. Even a total eclipse of the sun

Genuine the Utmost Consternation

among animals, birds and fishes, "while many of the weaker sort die from terror, and even man becomes charged with a sense of horror. His forbore, therefore, is the idea of Jesus Christ arising upon us as the Sun of Righteousness with healing in His wings.

But the natural sun also imparts light and heat, and in this sense we profit by admitting the Sun of Righteousness into our inmost souls, for He imparts light, Himself being the Light of the world. He imparts heat, which means life and vigor, for He is the Way, the Truth, and the Life, and He imparts

Color of the Most Transcendent Beauty

to the lives of those with whom He dwells. "Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us."

Then the consequence of this healing and enlightening almighty power is "ye shall go forth and grow up." Not only will there be forward movement, but it will also be upward. The two tendencies are necessary for progress and development. If we only went forward and did not grow upward we should always be dwarfish and exalted. If we only grew upward and never went forward our condition would be pitiful, and almost stagnant, but the Spirit makes the way, and our spiritual manhood will be

Beautiful, Symmetrical and Vigorous.

If only we put ourselves in the right position before God.

The appeal, therefore, comes to the sinner, to the sinner, to be forgiven, and whose transgressions are blotted out. Is your inmost soul-life laid bare to the full light and power of Divine healing? Or, is there a wound that sin has made, or a secret sore somewhere within your heart and mind that robs you of perfect soul health. "Ye shall go forth and grow up," sometimes, filling you with wonderings and questionings and doubts as to your standing, your calling, your duty, your position, your opportunity, your heart fully before God, and the sun will shine right in dispelling all darkness and doubt, and filling you with wonderings. "The rising up to obey you shall 'go forth and grow up,'" because it is the natural outcome of good, healthy, healing.

There is a certain cause for the dwarfish lives of some Christians, and it is found in their unwillingness to "go forth." God speaks, but they stand still. They begin to grow, but they do not until that already given is obeyed. A sense of God's displeasure comes into the soul, then unrest and a continual struggle maintain the form of godliness, as

Open Backsliding.

But to the obedient soul God's voice needs only to be heard to be obeyed. "Go forward!" is no sooner heard than the march, even to the Red Sea, is begun, and the difficulties, formidable as they may seem, are vanquished. The pathway becomes plain. Ours is not to question or hesitate, but "move on." Victory depends on the confidence of the soldier. Victory depends upon the faith of the soldier. The salvation of the halting, fearing ones can be greatly helped by it, and the decision to begin to march can only be honored as you "go forward."

Once a Buddhist, now a Staff-Captain in the Salvation Army.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

YES, the great and Almighty Jehovah has delivered me from the horrible darkness of Hinduism and its superstitions to the glorious and marvelous light of Christianity. How wonderful is the power of the mysterious Is the Providence of God! How far-seen is the wisdom of God! Such a powerful and all-wise God met my personal while the war grolving in the mire of sin, and groping in its hellish darkness.

I was born and bred in Hindustan and taught to worship the false gods and observe the mere ceremonies of the religion, which is a form of godliness, but denies the reality of God. Even in my very young days I longed to be religious, and become one of the devotees. I must say, for a short season I became a devotee, and being wealthy and clever in this world, but, as the days went on, I began to dislike the world with all its allurements, gave up my studies of which Indians are awfully fond, and went on a pilgrimage. The lad who went with me, however, was rather younger than myself and afraid to go about the jungles, etc.; so it lasted only for a couple of days.

Soon after that, the wonderful Army (God bless it) came with its peculiar dress and music, and with still more wonderful preaching, because it wasn't a mere theoretical and learnt-by-heart sermon, but a simple, practical, every-day testimony. At the first sight, I thought, these are a set of Christians which merely preach anything they can get out of it, the same as other societies. So, having these foolish but ignorant notions in my head, I continued in the Army as other young men in the matter of arguing, etc. Hindus are noted for their arguments; sometimes they go to silly lengths. I continued in the Army, soon opened my eyes and made me to see my own foolishness of sticking to a religion which didn't profit my soul. I went privately to the Army quarters and spoke to Captain (now Major) Gnana Prakashan, who made me understand all about salvation. He said that he converted everybody was a thing which I couldn't think of. The captain told me very plainly that I must get out and out, and be converted. No Nicodemus business. So

I was sorely tempted; didn't know which side to turn, whether to accept Christ or not. Thank God, Christ triumphed. The third time, after great struggle with the powers of hell and darkness, I went forward and accepted Christ as my own personal Saviour. Oh, what joy came flooding into my soul, and realization of God's forgiveness like the sunshine breaking through the cloudy sky.

Under a certain amount of persecution from my own loved ones, who were still under the sway of heathenism, I entered in November, 1917, into the ranks of the Salvation Army as a warrior. Since then many have been the temptations and trials. I have had the joy of being happy and happy in my own sake, but, thank God, many have been the blessings to my own soul, and I, believe, to others, through me in my various work. I have never forgotten the glorious times of blessings I experienced when I went with dear old, Muna Bhai to Australia and New Zealand as a soldier during my visit to England, in connection with that great and ever-memorable exhibition.

I love my Christ more passionately to-day than I did about nine years ago when I first knelt down at the mercy-seat. I delight in the warfare of our blessed Army more to-day than I did when I first joined its ranks. I have great ambition is that God, who has been pleased to pick out my people, to save my soul, and to help me in the great war, should make me a more successful and useful Salvationist than I have been hitherto.

Dear reader, are you still unconverted? Or, set converted without any delay. Are you saved? Then come and fight for Him. Are you already engaged in the warfare? If so, take courage and go forward. Pray for your country. God bless you.

GAZETTE.

PROMOTED TO GLORY.

Mrs. Adjutant Moore, from Bracebridge, Monday, August 23rd.

PROMOTIONS.

Cadet Logan Smith, of the Fredericton Garrison, to be Lieutenant at Moncton.

Cadet Averall Vienot, of St. John Training Garrison, to be Lieutenant at Digby.

Cadet Lizzie Tracey, of Lippincott Training Garrison, to be Lieutenant at Montreal II.

Cadet Ethel Stickells, of Lippincott Garrison, to be Lieutenant at St. Johnsbury.

Cadet Maggie Howcroft, of Lippincott Garrison, to be Lieutenant at Parry Sound.

Cadet Annie Lenwick, Winnipeg Garrison, to be Lieutenant at Larimore, N.D.

Cadet Gus Emberson, of Rat Portage Garrison, to be Lieutenant at Mandan, N.D.

Cadet Eliza McConnell, of Winnipeg Garrison, to be Lieutenant at Selkirk.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,
Field Commissioner.



ONE NATION.

The reports of the General's triumphant tour through Sweden, Denmark and Germany give glowing accounts of the rapid and marvelous progress which the Salvation Army has made, especially in the two last-named countries, where we encountered in our oncoming years obstacles so tremendous that nothing but so persistent faith in our divine mission kept us plodding on. Commissioner McKie's success has been remarkable, and we have now some 300 officers in Germany with numerous opportunities of openings. The most remarkable thing is, however, that the Salvation Army has to such a great extent succeeded to break down national barriers and bring its soldiers together in such a spirit of discipline that we may be considered a separate people—one nation—a nation within the nations, citizens of the Kingdom of Christ.

CONSOLIDATION.

"My business is to bring the nations together," was one of the General's remarks at the Berlin meeting. "He that gathereth not with me scattereth," our Saviour said. "The devil is busy sowing discord, let us be busy bringing enemies together in reconciliation. It is the mission of the Salvation Army to remove the partitions of national prejudices. These barriers raised by the political devil break down in the light of Calvary's sacrifice. May it not be a significant circumstance that the nation which cradled the Saviour has no political existence now, but its members are found everywhere on the face of the earth?"

A SEPARATE PEOPLE.

"I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that thou shouldst keep them from evil. They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world."

We must withal remain distinctly separate as a people. One in purpose, one in united effort, one in faith, but distinctly separate from sin, from empty profession and the spirit that clingeth to the letter.

"We must go to the lowest and blackest to discharge our mission and to induce aliens to take the oath of allegiance to our King."

ENLARGEMENT OF THE WAR CRY.

Definite arrangements are now under way to have The War Cry enlarged to sixteen pages, which will greatly facilitate our efforts of keeping our readers not only well informed about

the affairs of the territory, but also to keep them in touch with the Salvation Army's progress all round the world. We are looking forward to an increased circulation equivalent to the increased expense of production, and have faith to believe that our weekly shall swell to the extent of several thousands. Our circulation could be doubled if every reader would make it a business to get one yearly subscriber. I think you can put it down safely that your doing so would be noticed in heaven by the time-keeping angel.

RESCUE WORK EXTENSIONS.

Another advance in the direction of going down to the needy and outcast has been taken by the Field Commissioner by the opening of a Maternity Home in St. John, N.B., and the securing of a place for midnight meetings to reach the lowest class of fallen girls. Surely this is the Christ-work, and, as long as we keep before us the uplifting of the deepest dyed we may count unfailingly upon ultimate success. The need of more devoted women for this branch of our work is very pressing, and opportunities have to be allowed to pass unimproved for the want of officers. Who will volunteer for this Samaritan work?

DEATH'S VISIT.

As we are going to press a wire reaches us of the decease of Mrs. Asht. Moore, of Bracebridge. We offer the Adjutant our heartfelt condolence. May the loving arm of Jehovah be his strength in this great loss of his life's companion.

The funeral will be conducted by Brigadier Complin, at Lindsay.

A wire just to hand announces the death of Evelyn Fox's child. May God comfort the sorrowing parents.



The General has returned from Berlin more than ever gratified with the progress of the work in Germany, which he considers the chance of the continent.

We are sorry to hear of the illness of Commissioner Rees.



The Commandant is holding a social carnival and exhibition that is announced as a starter.

The largest field change ever known in Australia has taken place, involving 463 officers.

The Queensland Government has decided to hand over the reformatory for boys to the Army.

A big social annual, conducted at Brisbane by the Commandant, netted \$1,250.

The Australian War Cry circulation has increased 10,000 copies weekly since the paper was enlarged to 16 pages.



The Commander and Consul have inaugurated their new Training Home scheme with tremendous send-off at the Memorial Hall.

The Carnegie Hall has been secured for a big demonstration on Tuesday, October 18th.

The Consul has arranged a visit to the Pacific coast in November.

Col. Holland, after three weeks' visit to the Pacific coast, has returned to Colorado Farm Colony.

Brigadier Brough is meeting with splendid success on his tour at the Pacific coast.

A Western corps had a nightly concert of rats that could not be drowned by anything less than the beating of the drum.

OUR HARVEST HYMNS

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OUR HARVEST HYMNS

Brother Sims deserves much credit for the above drawing, as well as the composition of the music and words of the Harvest Hymn. Both music and words are good. Officers who not read music can sing the words to the tune of "Stella."

A word of explanation of the hymn may be welcome to our readers. Behind the cross in the centre of the hymn is a rainbow, figurative of promise as long as the earth remains its seed time and harvest shall cease. The sun of righteousness, the wings of healing are pictured in the rainbow. The top border is a symbol of the full apple, and resurrection (the lotus being the flower of the Eastern spring). Tears, increase in pages, we want an increased circulation, and it will be made worth while to push the sales, too.

Watch for full particulars in next week's War Cry.

GERMANY

Congresses, many and blessed, have been held in all parts of the world, Germany included; but, both for immediate and far-reaching results, probably few can claim to out-rank the latest. Certainly, it towers head and shoulders above any previous campaign which the Fatherland has witnessed.

PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT.

A Sixteen-Page War Cry.

It is coming, surely coming! It has been a long time on the way, but it will come before many weeks. With tears, increase in pages, we want an increased circulation, and it will be made worth while to push the sales, too.

Watch for full particulars in next week's War Cry.

JAMAICA

Major Rolfe, who is in charge of work in Jamaica, has been promoted to the rank of Brigadier, after years' service.

A week's Salvation Congress has been concluded. A large number of officers and soldiers took part. The demonstration closed with eight souls won for God.

F. Sims, Del. 1898

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IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Some important extensions in Women's Social work increase need for more Rescue officers. Especially are the services of three trained nurses needed. Christian or Soldier feeling God to thus serve Him, write to Mrs. Adler Read, S. A. Temple, Toronto.



O Harvest O Hymn O






How the voices of the faithful voices,
 Giving thanks to God above,
 While the earth rejoices
 In the Father's bounteous love,
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
 Glory to God above!

Precious are the faith with weeping,
 Ourselves in the earth,
 Into life and fragrance bearing,
 Come Death by Second Birth,
 Joyous reaping! Joyous reaping!
 Golden leaves of richest worth!

Heed my Song to the earnest preaching,
 Solving the world's woes,
 Learn the powers and fruits are teaching
 Life and death and gain from loss,
 Love never with Love never fails!
 Learn to glory in the Cross!

F. Street, Del. 1898

GERMANY

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A word of explanation of the drawing may be welcome to our readers. Behind the cross in the centre of the drawing there is a rainbow, figurative of promise; as long as the earth remains, its seed time and harvest shall continue. The Sun of Righteousness, the wings of healing are pictured as the wings of the rainbow. The top border is symbolical of the fall (apple), and the resurrection (the lotus being the flower of the Eastern spring). The figures of the sower implies sowing, and the little vignette of the reaper with joy.



Major Rolfe, who is in charge of the work in Jamaica, has been promoted to the rank of Brigadier, after 21 years' service.

A week's Salvation Congress has just been concluded. A large number of officers and soldiers took part. The demonstration closed with eighteen songs won for God.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Some important extensions in the Women's Social work increase the need for more Rescuer officers.

Especially are the services of two or three trained nurses needed. Any Christian or Soldier feeling God's call to thus serve Him, write to Mrs. Brigadier Read, S. A. Temple, Albert street, Toronto.

(Our Serial.)



A Gambler's Life and Adventures.

CHAPTER VIII.

Obstacles.

KITTY OLIVER was indeed a pretty little creature; there could be little question of that, though the quality and depth of her beauty might be open to some argument.

Mrs. Oliver was a widow with a large family and no other resources than the labor of her own hands and the hands of her eldest sons and Kittie. It was to the unremitting labor of these young fellows that the maintenance of the family of younger children was almost wholly due. Kittie earned a fair sum of money each week, but when she first undertook to do so, it was with the understanding that she was to use her money according to her own will.

It was to George Oliver, Kittie's elder brother, that Sher first opened his heart. George, though so young a man, had been long accustomed to responsibility, and the first question, when his first question, when Sheridan stammeringly confessed his passion for Kittie, rather startled the latter.

"Well," said George, looking at him squarely, "What's the meaning of it all?"

Sher flushed angrily. "The meaning of it is, I love your sister," he answered.

"And you love her enough to marry her?"

Sher started. There was a kind of hidden taunt in such a question, for no thought less honorable had for a moment ever entered his mind.

It was of course an easy matter to reassure George on this score, and neither George nor Mrs. Oliver had any objections to Sheridan visiting Kittie, but in view of their youth and short acquaintance, mother and brother alike refused to sanction an engagement between the young people for a time.

Sher's own mother, for the first time in his knowledge, exhibited a profound and consistent judgement, not only refusing her consent to marriage, but declining point-blank to meet or even see Kittie, or any member of the family. Like many another easy-going, generally indeterminate person, now she had been shocked Mrs. Decker showed herself obstinate.

Even Charley, to whom Sher now turned for comfort, was a disappointment. If Charley had loved his friend less genuinely he would have assumed more genial indifference, but he loved Sher too deeply to feel anything but sincere concern for him and his future.

He could only see in Kittie a frivolous and mischievous girl, pretty beyond a doubt, but of a character that he knew would influence Sher's life only for ill.

Thus Sheridan came to feel that he was alone and ill-treated in his loyal devotion to what he was satisfied was both his own and Kittie's happiness.

So sore and disturbed was the boy that after three or four months of his silent antagonism to the parents, he took a step one day, had it only been less appreciated, might have led to very different consequences. He called upon the clergyman of his parish and laid bare to him all the soreness of his heart, asking earnestly for counsel and advice.

When Sher had laid his case fully before that gentleman, he treated the circumstances with a light good humor and—which was the worst thing he did—possibly have done—suggested that Sher put the whole matter aside, because the chances were in his favor now altogether upon his own counsel.

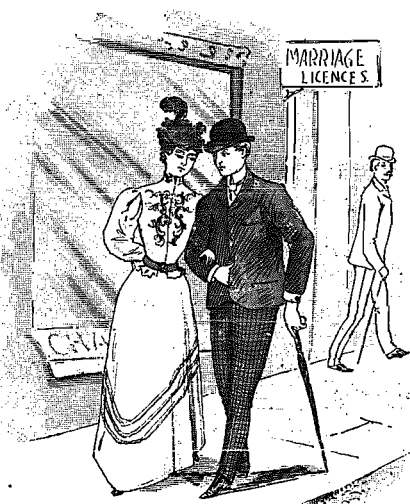
The first result was that the boy from that time consistently despised the unfortunate pastor. Out of respect for his mother he continued to attend services, but as far as possible he

withdrew from all contact with the church.

It was at this time that, perhaps quite unconsciously, in longing for his father and the happy freedom of good comradeship that always had existed between them, he fell to reflecting upon his father's sturdy good sense in most material things, and the frank, if usually silent, agnosticism in most things pertaining to the spiritual.

He was sore and sad and lonely; he felt himself misunderstood and misappreciated by everyone—that is, but the one who was more than anyone, by dear Kittie herself. He began to question the sincerity of an all-loving, all-helpful God; he recalled many incidents in his own and other lives that, if they did not argue a Divine Providence out of existence, certainly looked like a most arbitrary and irresponsible conduct of man's affairs.

The accident at the mine, which years ago had impressed his childish imagination, now occurred to him as an instance of the blind and cruel fatefulness that he began to think ruled the lives of men. In that terrible destruction he seemed now to read only the doctrine of blind chance.



"KITTY," HE CRIED SUDDENLY. . . . "LET'S END IT!"

Mrs. Decker was truly unfortunate in her attitude at this time. She failed to arouse herself to the fact that he was no longer a boy in mind or habit of thought. She expressed her sincere maternal conviction in refusing to sanction Sheridan's engagement, but she failed to see that for that very reason an unusual consideration were due him from her.

So Sheridan completed his first year of service as accountant in the Improvement Co's office. Young as he was, he was so deft at figures, and by night study had so enlarged his abilities that he was now filling a position of some responsibility. That the Company appreciated this fact was now made evident; that young man observing it, felt an impetuous longing to carry her bodily away as his treasure.

"Kittie," he cried suddenly, as they slowly paced the noisy city thoroughfares, "Kittie, darling, let's end it!"

Kittie looked up with startled eyes. "End it? Why, Sher, what do you mean?"

"No, of course you don't know," he went on. "Here's what you know I mean: I'm getting pretty good pay now; I've just end all this beastly uncertainty by getting quietly somewhere and getting married!"

They had spoken of this before, but this time Sher pressed the matter seriously upon the girl. The romance of the thing pleased Kittie exceedingly; she entered into it as "such a joke on everybody," and before they parted it was arranged, as a sort of compromise with conscience, that they were each to urge consent from the two mothers that night, and if consent was still withheld, they were to take matters into their own hands immediately.

CHAPTER IX.

Home Glories.

It was on the afternoon of Thanksgiving Day that the marriage took place, the driver of the cab in which the young people rode to the little, out-of-the-way parsonage and the minister's daughters being the witnesses. In answer to embarrassing questions as to his age Sher lied unconcernedly, and as Kittie was truly eighteen, and looked it, no difficulty was experienced. That evening, summoning Charley to the hotel where Sheridan had taken his bride, the headstrong young couple flung themselves upon poor Charley's loving faith, and he, although full of miserable forebodings for Sher's future happiness, agreed to take the news to the two mothers.

The explosion of wrath that followed was greater even than was feared. Mrs. Decker held her son to be the victim of a designing family, and accompanying Charley to the home of the Olivers, expressed herself to that effect. The result was that Mrs. Oliver and her sons burst forth in denunciations of Kittie, Sher, Sher's mother and Charley, declaring their belief that the girl had been previously debauched.

after a time, Kittie was held more and more closely at home, Sheridan began to realize more the lukewarm formality between the two women who were so dear to him.

Kittie, too, was now oftentimes peevish, and on several occasions complained of Mrs. Decker, in that madly quiet way of hers, superior of tenderness in dist. clothing, action, etc., as if Kittie herself were a baby. Though she said nothing to his mother, he began to ponder over a little home of his own and to figure on its comfortable possibilities.

(To be continued.)

Toronto to the S. A. International Headquarters.

NOTES OF THE VOYAGE.



"OU be an Army man, I believe," said a ragged-looking old gent to me on the second day after leaving Montreal. We had a good talk together and I found that the old warrior was a blood-and-fire Christian. A well-worn Bible from his pocket, with great pride he told me he had just been getting his soul blessed.

The perspiration flowed freely as I lay in my cabin the first night. On waking the next morning the weather had become very cold, so much so that my top coat was quite a boon. A young fellow this morning kindly handed me a cigar, and seemed astonished when I told him I had not touched tobacco for thirteen years.

A most fraternal spirit prevails among all passengers. We have things generally in common. There is a great number of Christ's followers aboard.

Friday, July 29.—As I write a thunderstorm is raging. We have just passed Father Point, and the pilot has gone ashore. In the distance an Allan liner is passing us. The officials are extremely cautious. My roommate has seen a lot of the Salvation Army in Johannesburg, South Africa, and believes in it very much. The "Vancouver" of the Hamilton Line passed us to-day, going inward. Flares were dipped on both vessels. A fellow-passenger, who is a disbeliever in God, is also a Socialist. With his help I had an argument with the passengers. How wise and timely is our dear General's advice not to waste time and breath on useless arguments! What can Socialism do compared with Salvation? . . . I have just met a passenger afflicted similar to myself. Sickness abounds everywhere. Thank God for the land where no pain exists.

Just found out that there is no less than five reverends on board in the saloon. Something good ought to happen Sunday. I was just getting into bed to-night when I heard quite a discussion in the second cabin. The talk was about the souls of the Chinese, and a bumperous fellow was talking about the great need of converting the heathen at home, saying it was foolish to send out missionaries. I could not stand it, and, going into the cabin, questioned him about his own soul. To my utter astonishment he personally knew nothing about practical religion. With his very smoky breath, he admitted his disbelief in the Bible and was the laughing-stock of all the company.

(To be Continued.)

SPECIAL.

Glorious day at Ligar street Sunday meetings, led by Staff-Captain Hargrave. Crowds and finances good. Four for salvation at night, one of whom was a Junior, who led the way to the cross. Harvest Festival booming.

TODAY?

Two or three trained nurses wanted for officers of the Women's Social work of this territory. Write at once to Brigadier Mrs. Read, S. A. Temple, Albert street, Toronto.



Short but Sweet.

LONDON.—Four souls saved Sunday. good meetings.—T. Coombs, Adjt.

CARLETON.—Had Ensign Perry with us last week. The meeting announced was an object meeting. The Ensign did his part well and pleaded as he always does with the sinners.—Laura Sell, Lieut.

VALLEY CITY.—The authorities are trying to get us off the streets with our open-air, but we are here for victory.—J. S. Flaws, Lieut.

HOULTON.—One soul in the Fountain this week. Wednesday quite a number of us went to Woodstock. Thursday Adjt. McLean and the Woodstock people returned our call.—Emily White, Corps Cor.

YARMOUTH.—Adjt. and Mrs. Miller are now in charge and have already got well hold of the work. Sunday bad good meetings all day and at night finished with five souls at the Saviour's feet.—A. E. H.

MINOT.—We are in for victory, and by God's help we are going to have it. We are busy planning for Harvest Festival.—A. Graham, Capt.

OAKES.—The town is almost deserted. Comrades away harvesting, but times are improving, crowds increasing, good spirit prevailing, some under conviction. Faith for H. F. O. K.—Lieut. Herringshaw.

LISBON.—The people here on the prairies are very busy harvesting the beautiful fields of golden grain. So hard to get them just now interested in their souls' welfare. However, we are determined to do our utmost to persuade them.—J. F. Westcott, Capt.

MONTREAL.—At knee-drill one soul has been found salvation. Holiness and afternoon meetings also a real blessed time, and wound up at night with seven seeking souls. Monday night two more wanderers came back. At Roll Call several of our newly-converted comrades were present and testified. Thursday night the subject of the meeting was "The opening of the devil's stocking." The contents were some of the affirmations used by the devil in enticing the unwary into his clutches. The crowds are beginning to come again and collections good.—C. Harding, R. C.

The Life Guards Heard From.

RAT PORTAGE.—The Life Guards Band finished up their camp meetings at Rat Portage. Truly all places in our travels, this is the gem. Beautiful weather along with all the facilities for boating which the Lake of the Woods offered, made our stay on ten days not only spiritual but much physical benefit. Yes, a ten-days mixture of soul-saving, boating, fishing, berry-picking, Frodo and the like. Camp Meetings with a Hallelujah Wedding for a bumping good fish, kept things at a bubbling over pitch. Such a congregation of spectators. Rat Portage has never before seen. Captain Wilkins, who has been in charge here for the last eleven months, has taken unto himself another half—a decidedly better half—to help him in his future chasing of devils. In all God blessed us over and over again and guided our eyes with fifteen souls. Hallelujah! I believe our series of Camp Meetings has been the means of helping and cheering, and giving life to many officers and converts in all places in which we have labored. Blessed be God!—Kell.

HALIFAX II.—Brigadier Margetts, the Territorial Secretary, accompanied by Brigadier Pugmire, Provincial Officer, led a great united meeting here on Saturday night. As far as welcome and lots of enthusiasm I think the Brigadier did his part well and pleaded as he always does with the sinners.—Yeno brought the house down by jumping up across the two Brigadiers' shoulders and putting one arm around each neck. Nobody surrendered, but a great impression was left behind. Sunday was a good day. Everyone seemed to have liberty. Ex-Captain Gray gave her experience in the after-

noon. And at night, after a long-fought prayer meeting, one dear lad came out and professed salvation. Finances past for three months.—G. P. Thompson.

JAMESTOWN.—Capt. Orr with us Wednesday and Thursday nights. High old time the latter night. Father Burk came back and found a prodigious well come. We are all so thankful to see Dad carrying the colors again. Capt. Malyon with us Friday night. Good time. Saturday night re-opening of the old hall. Many of our comrades first found Jesus in this hall, and it was a special time of rejoicing to them. Good crowds. Good meetings all day Sunday, and one soul at the Cross.—Triforia.

Dusted.

PALMERSTON.—Our officers are busy collecting, the Captain wheeling to Mount Forest. Returning almost got smothered in the dust, but all the same she is in for striking the target, which is \$55.—Scott Cowan, Treas.

BONAVISTA.—Since last report one soul has been found salvation. War Cry all sold this week.—E. Brace, Capt.



CAPT. WELCH AND LIEUT. MARTIN,
Pioneers of St. George's Corps, Bermuda

DRAYTON.—Last Thursday night we had with us Adjt. and Mrs. Webb, from Pennsylvania H. S. A., who were resting here. The Adjutant gave us a graphophone service. We also had with us Candidate Kempfle, from Toronto. Sunday night we had a night out to knee-drill, which is good seeing we are only eighteen strong here. In the afternoon one sister volunteered to sing. A holly holly about G. C. smothered H. F. bull's-eye.—H. Liston, Capt.

LISTOWEL.—We are right into Harvest Festival, and are going to do our best. Sunday, meetings were good.

WOODSTOCK. N. B.—Adjt. McLean at Woodstock, N. B. Good crowd in open-air. Blood-and-Fire meeting inside. Three souls saved. Salvation picnic next day. Good time. No tomfoolery or hollow holl about G. C. common sense arrangements and straight salvation.—M.

Forsook the Juniper Tree.

BURLINGTON PLAINS.—Dear old War Cry, your pages I have a chance of reading again. I am not dead nor backslidden, but like poor Elijah, afraid of Jezebel, went under the juniper tree. The angel of the Lord has touched me and strengthened me. Arise up and be doing. Go to Hamilton once in a while. Gave my subscription to Capt. White. After six weeks patiently waiting, the Cry has arrived. has been a blessing to me. Going in to

boom the Cry, praying God it may be a blessing to others. W. P. B. is in sight. Will stop for this time.—John Murchison, Freeman P. O., Ont.

They Bless the Band.

POINT ST. CHARLES.—Sunday we had a very good time, but no one got saved. Monday night we had an ice cream social. The building was literally packed. Brigadier Bennett, Staff-Capt. Rawling, Adjt. Burditt and Roberge, Ensign Collier, Capt. King and Cheley and Lieut. Hearn, the No. 1 Brass Band are worthy of our best blessing. Twice within one month they have helped us.

PETERBORO.—Another week God has blessed and helped us in our efforts to save souls. Adjt. Alkenhead has already won the hearts of the people. Four souls for the day.—May Lang.

ST. JOHNS, Nfld.—We are making a little headway at No. 2. The past week souls have been saved. The meetings are beautiful. We also have good open-air meetings. The Corps, where some hundreds listen.—Albert H. Cook, Cor.

OSHAWA.—Thursday one backslider volunteered to obey God. Sunday morning a prodigal returned.—Eunice, Cor.

KINGSTON.—We had Capt. Green in to our J. S. E. boliness meeting on Sunday morning. The children and Sergeants are getting interested in the H. F. Our target shall be reached.—Katie.

Ta ta!

BLENNHEIM.—A good crowd Sunday night and a blessed time, with one soul, a new case. The writer congratulates the new Editor on the excellent get-up of his first issue of the Cry.—Ina Groom, for Lieut. Bonny.

LETHBRIDGE.—Just had a visit from Ensign Cummins for the week-end. The meetings were well attended, especially the lantern service. One man pronounced it the best he had ever seen. Tuesday night we had some selections from the graphophone. The meetings were a financial success. All the opening expenses have been cleared off, which were over \$60, and best of all souls have been saved.—Annie Hurst, Capt.

SOCIAL FARM.—Sunday afternoon Sergt. Delahanty took charge of the corps for a month. He is an accepted Candidate for the work. In the evening Adjt. Dodd told us it was the anniversary of his third year as Governor of the Social Farm. In those three years 286 men had come here, many of whom had left in a far better state spiritually, financially, and physically. Some of these men have lived longest on the place gave bright testimonies.—Chas. C. Goodie.

Tot Hot for Two.

VANCOUVER.—Very warm weather here just now, hottest for many years. Had two backsliders out Sunday. There were many of them here.—Sergt. O. Connor.

THETFORD.—Had visit from Capt. Collier. Saturday night and Sunday. Lantern service much appreciated. On Sunday night a poor backslider was reconciled to God.—T. Ford, R. C.

SUDBURY.—H. F. is before us and we are following close after. The comrades are well up in this particular part, and we are bound to make it a "go."—Nicholas R. Trickey.

OTTAWA.—Bandsman Deakin has said good-bye and left for the Field. Ensign Sims with lantern and graphophone has been with us in the past few of the G. B. M. Grand holiness meeting on Sunday. In the evening we warmly welcomed Capt. Currie, who is on a rest back to Ottawa.—A. French, Cor.

WINNIPEG.—Since last report eleven souls have been to Jesus for redemption. The attendance is very good, both in the barracks and open-air. Last Saturday evening while the Cadets were

selling War Cry in the hotels, they met a young man who had once loved God, but who had been led astray. The Cadets directed him to the open-air meeting. One of the soldiers brought him to the barracks, where he came to the penitent form. He came out to all the meetings on Sunday, giving a clear testimony.—Yours in the war, Cadet Russell, for Staff-Captain Galt.

Twenty Souls.

HALIFAX I.—Brigadiers Margetts and Pugmire held special meetings at Dartmouth and both the city corps. Good crowds, and about twenty souls seeking their heartfelt needs. May the Lord bless the Brigadiers, who have been of much blessing and inspiration to us. The infant child of Adjt. and Mrs. McGilivray was dedicated by Brigadier Margetts to God and the Army.—Treas. Casbin.

GUELPH.—H. F. targets are fixed: Band 419, League of Mercy \$8, Sermons \$70, Soldiers \$50, Pulls \$3, Officers \$20. Now for a pull! After against each other, for each other, for the world's salvation. The H. F. crowd is around the open-air and nearly every invention of Hell also. Now for the raising of some for the work of God. Guelph soldiers are at it.—Ensign McKenzie.

BROCKVILLE.—Another good case of conversion, and not a few are catching the Pentecostal flame. We have launched our H. F. scheme, both here and at outpost.—E. Latimer, Lieut., for Ensign Burrows.

CLINTON.—Thursday night we had Major and Mrs. Southall with us. A beautiful time was spent together. Sunday afternoon Rev. Mr. Wade (a great friend of our dear Army) spoke at our meeting.—Ida Bezzo, Reg. Cor.

HELENA.—The ice cream and cake social on Saturday night was a grand success. Net receipts were about \$20. Glorious meeting all day on Sunday. One dear brother was reclaimed. Soldiers turn out well to all meetings. Big crowd at the open-air and inside meetings. Collections are good.—E. H. Wickersham, for Adjt. Woodruff.

Go for it

GALT.—Capt. Stubbs, who on account of his health was obliged to retire from Field work, assisted nobly. Sunday meetings were in the old style. Father Webb was in his old place at the front of the march, testified in the open-air. He said he had been attending church but felt he was in a box, but with others he was going to get back into the good old Army. Ensign Scott and Capt. Patterson are not very big and strong, but are determined to make the most of them. They are making the War Cry hustle in proper style. Wednesday night open-air was a hot one. Big crowd. Devil all. One soul at the drumhead.—Joe.

BOWMANVILLE.—We have received a good welcome here and have already had four souls at the Cross. Comrades are taking hold of H. F. with all their might.—Yours, Ensign and Mrs. Jones.

NORTH SYDNEY.—The last good-bye has been said to our dear officers, Adjutant and Mrs. Miller and Mrs. McLeod, have left our midst. Though not strong in body, they labored faithfully and bravely, and were blessed their efforts, as may be seen in the smiling faces of the new soldiers on the platform. The organ misses Captain McLeod, and the Juniors miss Lieut. Miller. May the Lord bless them all. In some respects the parting was a sad one. Sergt. Jennie McQueen, who came here with Adjt. and Mrs. Miller lay at the altar of death for some time. She recovered enough, however, to be removed to her home. Every comrade please pray that the Lord will raise her up again. She was a great War Cry seller and loved to work for God. Ensign and Mrs. Crichton and Captain Bradbury have arrived at their new posting. They are in the corps. The summer devil is very much alive just now, but we are in for victory.—Minnie Muekenzie, Reg. Cor.

Harry Hustler's Happy Hunting Ground.

TERRITORIAL CHAMPION, CAPTAIN HORWOOD, CHARLOTTE-TOWN, EASTERN PROVINCE, 291.

Gaskin Still Ahead and Bound to Keep There—Fugmire and Bennett Even—Which Will Win—Howell Sick.

PROVINCIAL CHAMPIONS.

West Ontario Province	Capt. Hillman	260
East Ontario Province	Capt. L. Wilson	193
Pacific Province	Candidate Betts, Butte	128
Central Ontario Province	Sister Correll, Temple	125
Northwest Province	Mrs. Adj. Gale and Sergt. Gilles, each	80
Newfoundland	Sister J. Lisbon, St. John's II.	60

On account of limited space, we cannot give the names of hustlers who are less than twenty copies. Keep on, ye beginners, and soon you will be in the list again.

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

52 Hustlers.

Sister Correll, Temple	125
Sister Medlock, Temple	80
Lieut. M. Howcroft, Parry Sound	65
Lieut. Russell, Collingswood	63
Lieut. Wadge, Riverside	63
Capt. Clink, Collingswood	60
Cand. Peacock, Barrie	60
Sister Pearce, Temple	56
Ensign Fox, St. Catharines	56
Lieut. Matthews, Sudbury	54
Rosa Tomlin, Newmarket	52
Lieut. Cornish, Hamilton II.	50
Lieut. Marshall, Omemee	50
Bro. Young, Temple	50
R. M. Dixon, Temple	50
S. M. Bowers, Barrie street	49
Ensign Jones, Bowmanville	46
Lieut. Mainland, North Bay	44
Capt. Stollker, Riverside	43
Lieut. Jackson, Oshawa	40
Ensign W. Smith, Owen Sound	39
Capt. McCann, North Bay	38
Capt. Brant, Dovercourt	35
Capt. Creamer, Midland	32
Ensign Cameron, Riverside	31
Bro. Colvert, Bracebridge	30
S. M. Bowdler, Ligar street	30
Sister Harvey, Temple	30
Capt. J. Howcroft, Parry Sound	30
Adjt. Byers, Barrie	30
Lieut. Copper, Barrie	30
Mrs. Payne, Bowmanville	29
Lieut. Cairns, Ligar street	29
Lieut. Kivell, Owen Sound	28
Chas. Gooden, Social Farm	27
Sergt. Mrs. Stevens, St. Catharines ..	27
Mrs. Henry, Newmarket	25
Lieut. Fisher, Uxbridge	25
Capt. Culbert, Uxbridge	25
Capt. Wilson, Gravenhurst	25
Lieut. Northcott, Gravenhurst	25
Capt. O'Neill, Huntsville	25
Sergt. Annie Stiger, Ligar street ..	25
Sister Murdoch, Ligar street	25
Capt. McDougall, Orillia	24
Sergt. Minnie Stickels	22
Mrs. Ensign Oswald, Orillia	22
Sergt. Wm. Stevens, Riverside	22
Sergt. Small, St. Catharines	21
Mother Gribert, Bowmanville	20
S. M. Bradley, Temple	20

The Central Province keeps ahead and Gaskin is not going to give anyone the ghost of a chance to get ahead of him. Still, both Bennett and Fugmire are after his scalp; they are only a little way behind.

EASTERN PROVINCE.

46 Hustlers.

Capt. Horwood, Charlottetown	291
Sergt. Major Veno, Halifax I.	120
Sergt. Armstrong, St. John III.	100
Capt. Allen, Westville	90
J. S. Chas. Vaughan	80
Capt. Culbert, Uxbridge	85
Capt. Hayman, Halifax I.	70
Sergt. Annie Ramsey, Bridgetown, average 2 weeks	70
Mrs. Ayona, Frederickton	66
Capt. Wilson, Sydney Mines, av. 2 weeks	65
Lieut. Selig, Carleton	62
Lieut. J. Green, John III.	60
Mrs. Adj. McGillivray, Halifax I.	60
Sister Adelt Green, Fredericton	56
Lieut. Randall, Amprnor, av. 2 weeks	53
Sergt. Major Morrison, Glace Bay ..	50
Bro. Capt. Thompson, St. John II.	50
Capt. J. Bowering, Glace Bay	46
Lieut. Hunsdon, Westville	47
Bro. George Wambole, Halifax I.	43
Lieut. Miller, Annapolis	43
Mrs. Capt. Brindley, Campbellford, av. 2 weeks	40
Mrs. Gregory, Fredericton	46
Capt. Stanforth, Amprnor, av. 2 weeks	40
Lieut. Mutton, Woodstock	39

Lieut. Richards, Sackville, av. 2 weeks	39
Lieut. Gray, Hopedale	34
Sergt. McDonald, Glace Bay	34
Sister Blanche Ferguson, Halifax I.	33
Capt. J. W. Clark, St. John III.	31
Sister Mary Poleock, Fredericton ..	30
S. M. John Chase, Fredericton	30
Sergt. M. Olive, Carleton	30
Sister Laura Quist, Glace Bay	30
Sister Minnie Arthur, Summerside ..	29
Sergt. Vandine, Woodstock	27



Lieut. Held, Kentville, average 2 weeks	27
Adjt. Magee, St. John's I.	26
Capt. Thompson, Halifax II.	25
Sergt. Hayman, Halifax II.	25
Lieut. Nafton, Summerside	25
Capt. Campbell, Kentville, average 2 weeks	22
Capt. Lemont, Fredericton	20
Capt. A. Tilley, St. John II.	20
S. M. McCrear, Woodstock	20
Sister Jennie Lillingston, Halifax I.	20

The east shows up well this week in comparison and it Fugmire only would he could knock out Gaskin. Fancy only six hustlers behind. Wake up, Easterners. If you don't mind, Bennett will get ahead of you with a spurt.

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

45 Hustlers.

Capt. L. Wilson, St. Alban's	193
Lieut. McFarlane, Napane	133
Capt. McHanny, Newport	124
Sergt. Perkins, Barrie	120
Capt. French, Peterboro	106
Sergt. Dudley, Ottawa	106

Ensign Walker, Belleville	86
Bro. Barret, Montreal I.	76
Mrs. Capt. Bearchell, Prescott	66
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	65
Lieut. Ledner, Brockville	65
Capt. A. Reid, Cootesock	57
Bro. Horsey, Barrie	55
Bro. Rodgers, Montreal I.	55
Lieut. Norman, Quebec	55
Capt. Ward, Montreal II.	55
Mrs. Adj. Bradley, Cornwall	50
Mrs. Blackburn, Picton	50
Lieut. Tracey, Montreal II.	45
Mrs. Miller, Peterboro	45
Mrs. Ensign Walker, Belleville	45
Lieut. Dora, Deseronto	41
Adjt. Bradley, Cornwall	43
Adjt. Goodwin, Ottawa	42
Capt. Chappell, Deseronto	41
Lieut. Dora, Deseronto	41
Capt. Greene, Kingston	40
Mrs. Adj. McAmmond, Kingston	39
Cadet Downey, Kingston	39
Sergt. Mrs. Simmons, Kingston	39
Sergt. Mattice, Cornwall	30
Mothe Lewis, Montreal I.	30
Sister Crozier, Montreal I.	30
Maud Dine, Kingston	28
Mary Stidard, Kingston	25
Sergt. Douglas, Cornwall	25
Lieut. Hearn, Montreal I.	25
Mrs. Green, Peterboro	25

Capt. Fell, Palmerston	46
Mrs. Ensign McKenzie, Guelph	45
S. M. Scott, Guelph	42
Capt. F. Burton, Windsor	42
Ensign Dean, Berlin	40
Lieut. Blodges, Berlin	38
Lieut. Capeman, Clinton	38
Sergt. Palmer, London	35
Bro. Band, I. Towel	35
Sec. Mrs. Walter, Elmham, av. 2 weeks	35
Annie Hampton, St. Thomas	34
Ensign Jennings, Chatham	33
Mrs. Taylor, Chatham	33
Sister Fritchley, Listowel	33
Lieut. Hudson, Chatham	30
May Shuster, Berlin	28
S. M. Mrs. Estler, Chatham	28
Capt. Erston, Drayton	28
Mrs. Goodchild, St. Thomas	25
Lieut. Munford, Palmerston	25
Sister Tremblin, Hespeler	25
Annie Thompson, Sarnia	25
Carrie Keeler, Windsor	25
Francis Yeo, Windsor	24
S. M. Mrs. Ensign, Chatham	23
Ensign McKenzie, Guelph	20
Sergt. Carley, Ridgetown	20

You have some splendid boomers, Sarah, but their sales show well up, although the East has the champion this week. Only eight more hustlers would bring you even with the East. Shall it be?

NORTHWEST PROVINCE.

21 Hustlers.

Mrs. Adj. Gale, Rat Portage	50
Sergt. McGillis, Port Arthur	49
Lieut. Brandner, Grafton	49
Cadet Hanger, Winnipeg	40
Capt. Pattenden, Grafton	40
Lieut. Hanson, Lithbridge	40
Capt. Belle Le Drew, Jamestown ..	42
Capt. Tracy, Carberry	40
Capt. Baxter, Winnipeg	40
Cadet Adams, Rat Portage	39
Lieut. Clark, Minot	39
Cadet Ziemer, Rat Portage	31
S. M. Chapman, Winnipeg	31
Cadet Forsley, Rat Portage	26
Adjt. Macnamara, Jamestown	25
Sarah Crosswell, Valley City	25
Cand. M. Hoepfner, Valley City	25
Cand. Anderson, Rat Portage	23
Sergt. Johnson, Winnipeg	21
Sergt. Sarah Chapman, Winnipeg	21
S. M. Sorel, Winnipeg	20
Sister Potter, Oakes	20

McMillan is affected by the hot weather, and his hustlers are in the hammock. Why, man, you lost nine of them since last week. Don't let Howell get ahead of you. Scotchman ought to be able to plan a way of success.

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

7 Hustlers.

Cand. Betts, Butte, av. 2 weeks	128
Mrs. Adj. Ayre, Victoria	85
Sister Lewis, Victoria	79
Capt. Southall, Sheridan	62
Capt. Scott, Butte	50
Ensign Stanbury, Butte	36
Sister Mortimer, Victoria	35

Wanted! A patent medicine for Brigadier Howell and his hustlers. There is a fortune in it. Howell's pulse is low this week, but I have hopes to keep him alive. Wait and see Howell the Pacific can do—when once woke up.

NEWFOUNDLAND PROVINCE.

6 Hustlers.

Sister J. Liston, St. John's I.	60
Cadet J. Foote, St. John's II.	35
Ensign Ottaway, Petrolas	144
Lieut. R. Gainsbury, St. John's II.	35
Lieut. Stikland, Harbor Grace	35
Mauda Preston, Twillingate	22
Capt. Moulton, Clarendville	20

Newfoundland and the Pacific Province are all at sixes and sevens. Still I have faith that even these two critical cases will survive and come out triumphant yet. Newfoundland has a very sharp P.O.

Infidels are opposed to the Bible, because the Bible is opposed to them. Everybody ought to know that the very best thing he can do is to eat apples just before going to bed. The apple has remarkably excellent brain food, because it has more phosphoric acid in easily digested shape than any other fruit. It excites the action of the liver, promotes sound and beautiful sleep, and thoroughly disinfects the mouth. It helps the kidney secretions and prevents calculus growths. It relieves indigestion and is one of the best preventives known for diseases of the throat. No harm can come to even a delicate system by the eating of the apple. Apples before retiring for the night.

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

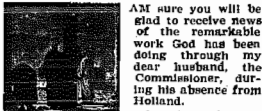
38 Hustlers.

Capt. Hillman, London	260
Capt. Huffman, Woodstock	210
Ensign Ottaway, Petrolas	144
Adjt. Coombs, London	100
Ensign Collett, Stratford	94
Cand. Ringier, Ridgetown	90
Capt. Haley, Ridgetown	86
Capt. Mathers, Sarnia	63
Lieut. Burrows, Sarnia	62
Capt. Cockrich, Seaford	55
Mrs. Ensign McEarg, Windsor	50
Sergt. Dearling, Hespeler	50

"A WONDERFUL REVIVAL"

IN NORTH AFRICA.

BY MARCHELLE BOOTH-OLIBORN.



AM sure you will be glad to receive news of the remarkable work God has been doing through my dear husband, the Commissioner, during his absence from Holland.

Our last eighteen months here have been a time of extreme difficult struggle, but the Lord has sustained us and sent such outpourings of spiritual power, that lasting peace has been brought. But the strain has sometimes been terribly great. The coming of an old and valued comrade, Colonel Cosandey, to help us, made a furlough possible for my dear husband.

God has mightily used his dear husband everywhere during his change of scene and work. The following extracts of letters show how a furlough can be turned to account to help and encourage some solitary toilers, who rarely receive visits of this kind.

The Commissioner visited North Africa, in response to an urgent and unexpected appeal, and the two months spent there, though a time of incessant work, was to him a refreshing change and real rest.

The army has no stations in Algeria. Having his hands suddenly full of Mohammedan work in other lands. The friends, with whom my husband has been staying, are members or auxiliaries of our army, working independently. They and other missionaries urged him to hold a little Congress for those of these work on the terrible hard soil of MOHAMMEDANISM.

Fifteen years' experience among Catholics and Muslims on the Continent enabled him a little specially enter into the immense difficulties of such work.

The Congress lasted five days, and some of the missionaries came from two and even four days' distance.

A French Opinion.

The following appeared in the French paper, "The Upper Room."

"God has wrought a really wonderful revival in Algeria through a series of business meetings held by Mr. Oliborn, of the Salvation Army."

"A collector who attended these meetings writes:

"The Holy Ghost acted upon the hearts present in an extraordinary way. Tears, confessions, and a baptism of the Spirit, such is in a few words the summing up of these meetings."

"Old disputes which had hitherto divided the children of God here, have been laid upon the altar of the Lord. A spirit of life and love is breaking down our usages, and it can be said of us, 'See how they love one another!'"

"As for me, I must to the glory of my beloved Saviour, give my testimony of gratitude that all is peace and joy in my heart. It is wonderful, wonderful, wonderful! I now believe that the Christian can live the life of Christ down here already, even before he goes to sit at his Heavenly Father's table and be with Him for evermore."

"We heartily unite in the joy of the Christians of Algeria, who have received these great blessings and we say to all our readers: 'We can also have similar blessings, if we really want to be cleansed from all sin.'"

A Major's Testimony.

A Major in our Army (formerly a Christian standing) on rest in Algeria, wrote:

"Dear Marchelle, I feel I ought to write you, in my last letter I said I would do my best to influence the Commissioner not to overdo himself. This I attempted the first two days of the Missionary Congress, but there was such a power of Divine Life working in him and through him in the presence of that I felt it should be criminal, and that I 'touching the ark of God' if I interfered. He has been wonderfully carried and sustained. Oh, the power of these meetings! I HAVE NEVER FELT ANYTHING IN SUCH A DEGREE."

The Commissioner was simply inspired. He spoke on Divine Life in all its aspects in every meeting! He lives so near to God and I am sure He will take care of me. As to myself, I cannot think God enough for having led me here just now."

Miss Trotter, a lady who has worked for ten years with untiring devotion among the Mohammedans in Algiers, writes:

"My dear Marchelle, I must send you a few lines to say what a joy, what a

blessing it is for us to have the Commissioner in our midst. God has blessed him with a power of faith and a measure of the Holy Spirit, such as I have never found up to the present, in any person."

"I must glorify God in him. God is answering the prayers which for years after day have ascended to Him. We seem like those that dream. The little rivulet has overflowed and inundated the land."

"God has not let the Commissioner suffer physically. Watering others has been watered. This has become literally true, for the degree of the Spirit, which he has brought among us, has given him renewed vigor and strength. We are so certain that God has sent him here!"

A Missionary's Letter.

A lady missionary writes to a brother in France:

"You remember that morning when I read in Malchale, 'The Lord will suddenly come to His temple! Glory to His name! He has come! While the Commissioner was speaking He came, and the days of my mourning are ended.'"

"The subject that the Commissioner treated, was the Baptism of the Holy Spirit. I RECEIVED IT. 'He leads the blind in a way that they know not.' It is quite the beginning of a new life, a life of simplicity, liberty and power, such as I have never known before. The Commissioner has presided over all the meetings. We have had a great number of testimonials from those who have received new life in Christ."

From my husband:

"Just the same intense presence of God as in our campaigns—convincing, saving, sanctifying. All has been simple and free."

We sang again and again at the close, 'Oh, it is glory in my soul.' 'It was the favorite chorus, as being the most true to fact and feeling."



AN ALGERIAN.

"Oh, if you could only see these Arabs and feel their spiritual darkness!—And to think there are 120 millions of Mohammedans! Oh, it would make you, like me, cry to God for some great spiritual break among them."

"It moves me, the sight of these grand, dark, stately men in their Abrahamic dress, so reserved, with faces full of meekness. Such men in such darkness! One realizes in contrast with these children of the desert, how a real prayer-answering God is needed! We will show them one!"

"What a patient, plodding, self-asserting spirit there is among many of these Missionaries. Numbers have left the field, finding Mohammedanism too similar to iron wall; and then there is the fierce roaring Sirocco in the summer; and then there plod on year after year in a spirit of deathless devotion, and their situation is very uncertain. You know that last year they were all within a hair's breadth of being driven out of the country as 'British spies.' Two were massacred in Sfax."

"At the first meeting I was struck by the fact that many had something peculiar in their eyes—a sort of worn, suffering look. Then I saw that Allah had it, and found it was the result of the Sirocco, the hot wind, that comes from the desert as from a furnace. Even now when it blows there is a sort of oppressive Turkish Bath feeling in the air, and everything gets covered with the fine sand dust which is carried. The eyes of the missionaries in some places seldom hold out more than eight or ten years."

My dear husband held meetings for the Arabs in a mosque, which is in the lower part of our friends' Arab house, and nearly every evening some Mohammedans came to the people's house."

He went also into Kabylie into the mountains, where they speak another language, and had meetings in the villages. The Commissioner was presented with a white woollen Arab 'burnous,' which had the double advantage of keeping out the cold of the mountains and bringing him a step nearer to the villagers."

God did a blessed work there also. Some devoted men—one of them having a brother an officer with us—wrote me, blessing God for the victories among the natives. They say that seven young converts were made, and the broken 'the Ramadan' fast. This means often danger of life."

One writes: 'We hear that the first beginning of breaking the Ramadan has been made in almost each station.'



There are feet and feet.

Select that description which fits your feet.

There are ugly feet and beautiful shaped feet.

Some are hidden in silk hose, others are bare.

Some are rosy and some bony and thin.

There are glad feet that skip and sad feet that drag.

There are proud feet that step high and hard as defying their Maker, and humble feet which kiss the ground.

There are generous feet who don't mind how much the walk, if they can save a few steps to some tired feet.

There are the niggardly feet, that always look around to find some one else to do their own gait.

There are the brave feet that never show their heels to danger or difficulty, but always surmount these.

There are cowardly feet, which turn and flee from responsibility and hardships.

The sympathetic feet never know weariness, but noisefully and their way to places of glory and sadness.

The mean feet only walk in the way that profiteth themselves, heedlessly bruising others in their eagerness to reach the goal of their ambition.

There are the feet of Love, which they nailed to the tree, who walked the rough road from the carpenter's shop, through the weary desert, along the stony highways, doing good unto others. They bruised the serpent's head and he stung them with cruel pain, tearing the flesh since and the quivering nerves with hot pains. Let us kiss these bleeding feet and desire that our feet may resemble them more and more every day.

In a grace before meat few would expect to hear sarcasm, but it was recorded that a certain noble, while a guest at a New England inn where, when he and others sat down to breakfast and saw what the menu displayed, he was requested by the landlady to ask a blessing. After a quizzical look up and down the provision table he simply said, 'Lord, we ask Thy mercy on these vittals.'



The Only Failure.

There is only one real failure in life possible, and that is, not to be true to the best one knows.—FAIRBANKS.

Courage.

"Then to side with truth is noble when we share her wretched crust, Ere her death brings fame and profit and 'tis glorious to be just. Then it is the brave man chooses while the coward stands aside, Doubting if his abject spirit till his Lord is crucified, And the multitude makes virtue of the faith they had denied."

—LOWELL.

Sound Doctrine.

We must not regard what or how the world esteems us, so we have the Word pure, and are certain of our doctrine. Hence Christ, in John viii, 'Which of you convinceth Me of sin? And if I say the truth, why do you not believe Me?' But if he be not certain of their doctrine; and St. Paul, in special manner, when he says to Timothy, 'It is a dear and precious word, that Christ has come into the world to save sinners.' The faith towards God in Christ must be understood, at least, that it may only be a matter of the conscience, and make it to rest. When a man has this certainty, he has overcome the world; but if he be doubtful of the doctrine, it is for him very dangerous to dispute with the devil.—LATHUR.

The Power of a Hymn.

A SCOTCH soldier was dying in New Orleans when a Scotch minister came to give him the consolation of the Gospel. The man turned over on his pillow, and said, 'Don't talk to me about religion.'

The Scotch minister began to sing the familiar hymn of Scotland, 'Oh, mother, dear Jerusalem, When shall I come to thee?'

He sang it to the tune of 'Dundee,' which everybody in Scotland knows; and as he began to sing the dying soldier turned over on his pillow and said to the minister, 'Where did you learn that?'

'Oh, mother, dear Jerusalem, When shall I come to thee?'

'So did mine,' said the dying Scotch soldier. The very foundation of his heart was upturned, and then and there he yielded himself to Christ.

Oh, the irresistible power of a hymn! Luther's sermons have been forgotten, but his hymns will live on through the ages.—CHRISTIAN SCOTSMAN.

What Prayer Can Do.

THE door of the eternal storehouse is shut on one hindering hindrance, prayer, and when the whole dependence is laid on that door, it must open. There are many people who spend their first Sabbath after some great bereavement. What will your prayer do for them? How will it help the soul in that man's heart? Here are people who have not been in church before for ten years; what will your prayer do for them by rolling over their great sad memories? Here are people in crises of awful temptation. They are in the verge of despair, because of blundering, or theft, or suicide. What will your prayer do for them in the way of giving them strength to resist? Will you be chiefly anxious about the fit of the glove you put to your forehead? Will you pray? Will you be chiefly critical of the rhetoric of the pastor's petition? No, what will your people will feel, 'that prayer is for me, and the exercise of the prayer chains ought to drop off, and the temples of sin ought to crush in ruin.'

The Scripture lesson is God talking to man. Prayer is man talking to God. Oh, if we understood the grandeur and pathos of this exercise, we would imagine that the room was full of divine and angelic appearances.—TALMAGE.

Freedom of Conscience.

True holiness puts the possessor where he does not try to lord over the consciences of others. It floods the world with holiness, and it is the exercise of a king's law with fury upon error who are found, but it respects the conscientious convictions of everyone.



Holiness.

Tunes.—Blessed Jesus (B.J. 45); Roseau (B.J. 189); Guide me, great Jehovah (B.J. 121).

1 Make me holy,
Give me power for Thee to fight.
Perfect cleansing I am seeking,
That from sin I may be free;
Perfect words Thy Blood is speaking,
Giving fellowship with Thee,
Make me holy,
Stamp Thy likeness, Lord, on me.

Make Thy Cross my soul's foundation,
Build a holy life within;
Let Thy Blood that bought salvation
Be the denials every sin.
Make me holy,
Self to lose and souls to win.

Testimony.

Tune.—Let the lower lights be burning.
2 I was once a wretched sinner,
Traveling down the road to Hell,
Till I heard of Christ, the Saviour;
Of His love to who I'll tell.

Chorus.

Come, poor sinner, come and join us,
Come to Jesus while you may,
Come and prove His loving kindness,
Come and walk the narrow way.

For my Saviour I am fighting,
In the Army's ranks I'll stay,
In His service I'm delighting,
For I trust in Him each day.

In the Army I'm a soldier,
To the Colors I'll be true;
By God's grace I am made bolder,
'Neath the Yellow, Red and Blue.

Poor backslider, come and welcome,
To your Father's house to-day;
He is fitting up your mansion,
Now to Him, oh, come away!

D. A.

Free and Easy.

Tune.—Over Jordan (B.J. 17).

3 We are bravely marching on,
In our Saviour's light made strong,
Waiting sinners of their wrong,
Hallelujah!
And we mean throughout this year
E'er to light and never fear,
For our Saviour He is near,
Hallelujah!

Chorus.

Up in Heaven, up in Heaven,
We will meet to part no more,

When the fighting here is o'er;
Up in Heaven, up in Heaven,
On that bright and happy shore,
Up in Heaven.

Oh, the devil is so mad,
When he sees us saved and glad;
But we like to make him mad,
Hallelujah!
We have left the way of sin,
And we're trying now to bring
Precious souls to Christ, our King,
Hallelujah!

The old devil he would like
Just to have us leave the fight,
But the war is our delight,
Hallelujah!
We will fight till life is o'er,
Then we'll meet to part no more,
On the happy, golden shore,
Hallelujah!

Sert. May Long, Peterboro.

For Backsliders.

Tune.—For you I am praying; or, Come back to Erin.

4 Come back to Jesus! He's calling
these—calling—
Come back again to the Cross of our
Lord!
Come with repentance and heart soft and
tender,
Come home to Jesus—the cross is not
hard.

Come back to Jesus! His arms are ex-
tended,
Come back to Jesus! He's waiting for
thee;

Come in submission to Jesus, your Sav-
iour,
Come and behold Jesus nailed to the
tree.

Come back to Jesus! Oh, list to Him
calling,
"Poor, wandering sinner, oh, come unto
Me!"

Come and be saved in the Salvation
Army,
Jesus is longing for you to be free!

Come back to Jesus! You're sins He
will pardon,
Come back to Jesus and lend a new life,
Jesus will bless you, Jesus will love you,
And guide you safely through this dark
world's strife.

Come back to Jesus! Oh, why will ye
tarry?

Come back to Jesus! His heart longs
for thee;
Come to the Fountain of life-flowing
water,

Come to Jesus calls, saying, "Come unto
Me!"

F. Bruce Carey, Toronto.

The deeper the conviction, the purer
the tears.

Salvation.

Tune.—Oh, let me think of Jesus' love.

5 O sinners, won't you love the Lord,
Who died to set you free;
On Calvary's cross He shed His
blood,
That you might ransomed be,
Now look and see His wounded side,
And how He pleads for all,
Oh, listen how in vain He sighed,
"Father, forgive them all."

Will you not learn to love Him now,
And taste His love so sweet?
In sin you may not long remain,
The Judge you'll have to meet,
You may not live another day,
For time is fleeting fast,
And Satan have you as his prey,
When Mercy's time is past.

He wept and prayed for you,
In tears of agony,
Your sins He bore on Calvary's tree,
To save and set you free,
Oh, come to-night, ere 'tis too late,
His Blood your heart will keep,
As all poor souls did have their fate,
In Hell you will gnash and weep,
Capt. Gonerata, Caylon.

Tune.—Turn to the Lord (L.H. & S.; H.J.
7; S.M., 1, 97).

6 Hark! the Gospel news is sounding,
Christ has suffered on the tree;
Streams of mercy are abounding,
Grace for all is rich and free,
Now, poor sinner, come to Him who died
for thee.

Oh, escape to yonder mountain:
Refuge find in Him to-day;
Christ invites you to the Fountain,
Come and wash your sins away;
Do not tarry, come to Jesus while you
may.

Grace is flowing like a river,
Millions there have been supplied;
Still it flows as fresh as ever
From the Saviour's wounded side;
None need perish, all may live for Christ
has died.

Christ alone shall be our portion;
Soon we hope to meet above;
Then we'll bathe in the full ocean
Of the great Redeemer's love;
All His fitness we shall then for ever
praise.

Solo.

Tune.—The sidewalks of New York.

7 When I came to Jesus
With my load of sin,
In His loving mercy
Jesus whispered "Pence" within.
Now I'm sweetly trusting
In the Crucified,
Resting on His promise,
I am fully satisfied.

Chorus.

Jesus, Saviour, I am Thine alone,
Trust in Thy precious Blood,
Which did for me atone,
Naught can e'er befall me
While in Thee I rest;
Keep me ever faithful,
With Thy presence sweetly blest.

Sinner, come to Jesus
With thy load of guilt,
He will freely save you,
For His blood was spilt,
Hear Him gently pleading,
While you still delay,
Heed the invitation,
List, His loving call obey.

L. S. F., Windsor, N. S.

Tune.—Who'll fight for the Lord every-
where?

8 "Lift up your eyes," the Saviour
said,
"The fields with ripened harvest
shine;
Go forth and work, the Gospel spread,
Till on and make the harvest Mine."

The fields are white for harvest still,
And only want the reaper's hand;
God's call attend, obey His will,
No longer shrink from His command.

Hold high the Cross before their eyes,
The Saviour show them hanging there;
Breathe in their ears His piercing cries,
His wondrous love, His dying prayer.

In his new booklet, "Regenerated
London," Dr. Parker, of the City Tem-
ple, says: "I would turn all the great
brevities in their ears His piercing cries,
His wondrous love, His dying prayer."

An officer of the Salvation Army met
on the Continent the other day, an
atheist who had studied the world's
religions and criticised the social pol-
itics of every civilized country with a
view to discovering an effective scheme
for the relief of the world's suffering.
After years of deep research and close
observation he said he had come to the
conclusion that the Social Scheme of
the Salvation Army is the best and
most practical in existence.

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THE WAR CRY, Official Gazette of the Salvation Army,
published by John M. C. Horn, S. A. Printing House,
12 Albert Street, Toronto